

6mg.
The Court of Death.

A
Pindarique POEM,

Dedicated to the

M E M O R Y

O F

Her Most Sacred Majesty,

Queen M A R Y.

*Per audaces Nova Dithyrambos
Verba Devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege Solutis.* Hor.

By Mr. ^{John} D E N N I S.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in
St. Pauls Church-yard, 1695.

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OF
THE
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1695
Rare lib. number

Dedicated to the

Her Most Sacred Majesty

The endures from this moment
with the whole community
Hon. High School

By Mr. J. N. W.

LONDON

Printed for James Knapp, at the Crown
St. Paul Church-yard, 1695

P R E F A C E.

THe following Verses seem so bold in the design, and so much bolder in the execution, that tho I have made use of all the little Judgment I had, to distinguish this boldness from such horrible extravagancies as have been lately so falsely and unreasonably laid to my charge, yet lest some people should conclude from a bare appearance that I have gone too far, it will not be amiss to shew what the Ode and its Character is in general, what Pindar and his manner was in particular, and how far it may be convenient to imitate him in our Age, and in our Language and Climate. L'Ode (says Rapin) doit avoir autant de noblesse, d'elevation, & d'emportment, que l'eglogue a de simplicité, de pudeur, & de modestie. Cen'est pas seulement par son Esprit qu'elle est grande, c'est aussi par sa matiere. Car elle s'occupe a chanter les louanges des dieux, & a celebrer les actions les plus glorieuses des hommes. Ainsi elle demande pour soutenir toute la Majesté de son caractere, un naturel eleve, un esprit grand, une imagination hardie, une expression noble & eclatante mais pure & correcte. Tout ce que l'art a de vivacité par ses figures, n'est pas suffisant, pour eleuer l'Ode autant que demande son caractere. The Ode (says Rapin) ought to have as much greatness, elevation and violence, as the Eglogue is oblig'd to have modesty, restraint and simplicity. It is not only great by the sublimeness of its Spirit, but by the greatness of its Subjects. For it is made use of to sing the praises of gods, and to celebrate the most glorious actions of men. So that it requires, to keep up all

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that

P R E F A C E.

that majesty that belongs to its character, a great wit, an exalted genius, a daring imagination, and at once a pure and a noble and sounding expression. All the vivacity that art can supply by its most glaring figures is hardly sufficient to exalt the Ode so much as its character requires. *Thus far goes Rapin; and we may conclude from the words of that famous Critic, that the Ode ought to have as much boldness, elevation and majesty, as Epic Poetry it self; but then it is certain that it ought to have more vehemence, more transport and more enthusiasm. The reason is evident, For the Design of the Ode (I mean upon great occasions) is, like that of Heroic Poetry, to move the Reader, and cause in him admiration. Now by Heroic Poetry, the Readers mind is exalted gradually, with a more sedate and compos'd Majesty; but the Ode, by reason of the shortness of its compass, is oblig'd to fly into transport at first, and to make use immediately of all its fury, and its most violent efforts, or else it would want time to work its effect.*

Thus Virgil begins his Æneis calmly and modestly, whereas the greatest thought in one of the noblest Odes of Horace.

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient Ruinæ.

Which I have imitated in my eleventh Stanza is in his very first. Let us now consider the Character of Pindar, which we may have from the same Rapin, and which will include the character too of his Writings. Il est grand dans ses desseins, vaste dans ses penſees, hardy dans ses imaginations, heureux dans ses expressions, eloquent dans ses discours. He is great in his designs (says Rapin) vast in his Ideas, daring in his Images, happy in his expression, and eloquent in his discourse.

But here Rapin falls short of his character, and leaves out some of his most considerable qualities, which may be supply'd from one divine Stanza which Horace has writ in his Praise:

Monte

P R E F A C E.

Monte decurrens, velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas aluere ripas
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore.

Which in English Poetical paraphrastick Prose is thus. As a stream that is lifted above its usual banks by the influx of celestial waters, comes rowling headlong from some Mountains Top, so *Pindar* rais'd by influence divine, ev'n above his own exalted Genius; grows vehement, swells, and ferments with fury, then precipitately flows with a mighty sound, and knows no bounds to his impetuous course.

The Reader will easily discern that here are some great qualities conspicuous in Pindar, which Rapin seems not to take notice of. Here is his vehemence, his impetuosity, and the magnificent sounds of his numbers; and here is another thing which is the result of the rest, and that is something dreadful, something which terribly shakes us, at the very same time it transports us. There remains some other things which all the World has observ'd in Pindar, and that is, his affected digressions, his perpetual rambles, and his sudden and unexpected returns. But 'tis now time to consider how far he may be imitated in our Language and Climate. An English Writer may endeavour to imitate him in several of his greatest qualities, by the Genius of our Nation, which is bold and sublime, as Mr. Waller has observ'd. But then he ought to be discreet in his boldness; for our Language is not capable of some of the most violent figures of Pindar; and in aiming at two of his principal qualities, which are his Sublimity and his Magnificence, he ought carefully to avoid two things, and those are Fustian and superfluity of Epithetes. Now 'tis the easiest thing in the World for a man to know whether he has avoided them, if he has but sensible Friends. Let him consult them, and observe whether his Verses strike and warm them or not. Where

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P R E F A C E.

they do warm them and strike them, it may serve for an eternal rule, that there can be no Fustian, for a man of Sense must have a very fantastick opinion of himself, if he thinks that the false Sublime can warm him. Fustian is to such a one the coldest thing in the World. For I take it to proceed only from an Impotent effort of the mind to rise, when it wants both warmth and force to take its flight with vigour. Now as Verses that seem warm to a man of sense can never contain any Fustian, so the same rule may serve for superfluous Epithetes. For nothing makes Versifying colder than a clog of superfluous Epithetes. Epithetes are execrable, where they are not necessary, or at least convenient. And they can never be necessary, but where they add to the Thought something which ought to be added; and they can never be convenient, but where they give force to the Expression, or grace or perspicuity. Words are to Thought, what Flesh is to the human Soul; now Flesh encreasing to such a degree, imparts Comeliness, and perhaps Majesty; but swelling beyond it, it brings Deformity and Impotence, and becomes a clog to the Mind. And as in a Body where the Soul performs all its functions freely, there cannot be too much Flesh, so in a work of the Mind, where there is a free Spirit, there cannot be too much Expression. But to return to the business, from which I may be said to have in some measure digress'd. As we ought not to imitate Pindar in the boldness of some of his figures, so neither in the wildness of his frequent digressions; as Mr. Cowley has imitated him. For the English Reader, generally speaking, not having half the degree of Fire which the Grecians had, nor Spirits so strangely volatile, cannot immediately Sympathize with an Author in his sudden and impetuous starts from his subject; nor discern in a moment the almost imperceptible connexion between the Digression and the principal matter. Experience is a proof of what I have said. For the generality of Readers, nay even some who are Men of Wit, are declar'd Enemies to the Olympick, and the Nemean Ode of Pindar, which Mr. Cowley has so admirably made our own; and the reasons which they give, are the length and wildness

P R E F A C E.

wildness of the Digressions. But now since I have made mention of that great man, I beg leave to take notice of some other errors which he appears to have been guilty of in his imitations of Pindar. The one is an affectation of pointed Wit: For all points in a serious subject are little, and cold, and weak, and wanton; whereas the Ode ought to be by its character, strong, and warm, and grave, and great, and exalted. The second is his want of Design in some of his Pindarick Odes. The third is the Neglect of his Style, which seems in several places not to have Pomp and Majesty enough to answer the sublimeness of Pindar's Genius. The fourth is the frequent loosing his Rhime, and the roughness of his Versification. I have taken care to decline his errors as far as my little capacity would give me leave. And I thought my self the more oblig'd to avoid his faults, because I am very sensible, that I am far from having his excellencies which are his fire and his mighty Spirit. In the writing these Pindarick Verses, I had still Milton in my Eye, and was resolv'd to imitate him as far as it could be done without receding from Pindar's manner. They have several great qualities common to both, and among the rest, vehemence, elevation, and a terrible Majesty; qualities which are far above me, but the violent desire I had to show, how I honour the Memory of the great Queen that is gone, made me insolently resolve to aspire to them. How I have succeeded I must leave to the Reader. I leave the following Verses to his Justice. For every Writer sooner or later will be sure to have Justice done him. If these Verses are of Heav'n, they will be sure to stand, no Malice of Man can hurt or suppress them; but if they are human they will fall, no mortal aid can support them. Debemur mortui nos nostraque. Of us and ours Death has the sure reversion: But Genius is a sacred beam of Divinity respected by the grim Destroyer.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE Preface was writ in so great a Hurry, that I have omitted some things which I design'd to insert. I had
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POSTSCRIPT.

the hint of the design from the sixth Book of Virgil, which the knowing Readers will easily discern, and which I think my self oblig'd to own to the rest.

A Young Gentleman who is my Friend, and whose Wit and Learning are very well known in the World, accus'd me, upon the reading these Verses, of too much description. I hope the accusation is groundless; for the wantonness of description is to be accounted at all times (and more especially in a grave way of writing) a most intolerable fault. But I desire the Reader to consider, that there is a great deal of difference between the describing of persons and places, and the describing of action. In a Poem where is any design, if I am not mistaken, there ought to be some action. Now where there is action, it ought always to go forward, and nothing ought to be much insisted on, which can put any considerable stop to that. For which reason all descriptions of persons and places which are any thing large, are extremely faulty in a Poem which has a design. Now the Reader will easily discern, that I have been very retentive in such descriptions. For I have given very little description of the Court of Death, and none at all of those who compose it. I have but barely nam'd them. Not only because those beings have been describ'd before (for poetical persons and places are general: whereas an action is still particular) but because it would have put a stop to the action. But describing of action is a different thing. For the action in some measure goes on by description, which is often necessary for the better representation of it. And indeed it is my opinion, that there can be no Poetry without such description that is without Painting. And I am very confident, that most of the beauteous places in Virgil are nothing but action, clearly and vigorously describ'd. I have but one thing to add, and that is concerning the numbers. I am not satisfy'd with my choice of them; but I have taken all the care that I could, that they should be harmonious in their kind.

The Court of Death.

A PINDARICK POEM.

I.

NO, 'twas no Dream, 'tis now too clear,
 No Dream cou'd ever thus deceive,
 Then let th' attentive World give ear,
 And thou Posterity believe.
 I saw about the dead of Night,
 I saw a Form divinely bright ;
 I did, by Earth and Heav'n I swear,
 A Form beyond all mortal Beauty fair!

I I.

As she came on with Majesty divine,
 From her there flow'd immortal Light,
 To guild the secret horrors of the Night,
 And on ill Spirits and the damn'd with dreadful glory shine ;
 When strait she struck her *Empyrean* Lyre,

B

And

The Court of Death.

And in a melting strain,
 Did with enchanting Harmony complain.
 Silence was ravish'd as she sung !
 That Song might dead Indifference inspire.
 First in my Breast a pleasing Sorrow sprung,
 Then thro each Nerve there flew celestial fire ;
 Convulsive Transports did my Vitals tear,
Gods 'twas too much, too much for Man to bear !

I I I.

The Goddess with a melancholy smile,
 A glance, that Fiends of Malice might beguile,
 And to the damn'd might Pleasure reconcile ;
 Thus the high meaning of her Message broke,
 And in *Ambrosial* accents spoke.

Behold O mortal I,
 Ev'n I whom thou wert wont t' invoke ;
 One of the noblest Natives of the Sky,
 A Daughter of great *Jove's* eternal Line,
 And not the meanest of th' immortal Nine,
 Who *Flaccus* did with sacred Rage inspire,
 Instructing him to rise,
 And fill'd fierce *Pindar* with reluctant fire,
 Which the sonorous Bird transported to the Skies,
 I by Command divine descend to thee,
 A Missionary Goddess, sent by *Jove's* supream Decree.

I V.

Down, down I fell entranc'd before
The sovereign Beauty I adore.
The Goddess wav'd her Plectrum round,
And gently struck the sacred ground,
And cry'd my faithful Servant rise;
With such an efficacious sound,
As Vigour to my Nerves restor'd, and Brightness to my Eyes.
I rose, but still amazement kept me dumb,
When she went on : To thee I come,
In the deep silence of this still retreat,
Remov'd from all that wretched men call great.
For that Majestick, Royal God,
Who shakes his whole Creation with a Nod,
Commanded me to leave the starry Pole for thee,
As thou hast left the Pomp of all the world for me.
Then take immortal Spirit to thy breast,
Drive from it ev'ry meaner guest,
For thou shalt sing in wond'rous Rhime
Of things transcendently sublime ;
Shalt to the listning Globe relate,
What Gods determin in a dire Debate :
But first with me (so *Jove* commanded) go
To Death's most dreadful Court below,
And see the dark designs of Fate.

V.

The Goddess said, and with a dreadful sound
 The trembling Earth dividing, gap'd around,
 Then down by black degrees we went,
 A horrible Descent !
 At length we reach'd a vast infernal Room,
 Where here and there a winking Lamp,
 That seem'd expiring, struggled with the Damp,
 And to illustrate horror, glimmer'd thro the gloom.
 Thither the Ministers of Death by Fate,
 Were summon'd on Affairs of their dread State,
 More monstrous, more abominable fights
 Than ever Fancy magnify'd in frights ;
 In their most execrable shapes were there
 Discord, Revenge, and grinding Care,
 Grief, Terrors, Furies, Horrors, and Despair :
 A thousand pale Distempers too appear,
 A very ghastful Crew, and conscious Fear,
 With the bad pleasures of the mind, brought up th' infernal rear.
 With sudden Trembling I was struck ;
 But the bright Muse with one immortal look
 Could all the Pow'rs of Death controul,
 And thro my Eyes dart Courage to my Soul.
 Grim Death, the Gyant Terror rose at last,
 On all th' accurst Divan a ghastful smile he cast ;
 Thro all th' accurst Divan a frightful murmur ran,
 When thus their formidable King the great Consult began.

C.

What

Full Parliament of Gods thus call'd by fate,
In this stupendous council to debate
Th' important business of our mighty State!
From day they bring fresh tidings ev'ry hour,
That we're contemn'd there, and have lost our pow'r.
We who the Conquerors of the world subdue,
Are we contemn'd? we who command ev'n you?
Will you no Zeal to serve your Monarch show,
In just return for the vast debt you owe?
Know, if we perish, you must surely fall,
And our Disgrace reflects upon you all.

What do you stand unmov'd at these alarms?
 And must we tamely fall? To arms, to arms,
 By force our credit with the world restore,
 Ere we the King of Terrors are no more.

V I I.

This said, the Tyrant with a voice and look
 Unutterably fell:
 Then, bounding with a furious start,
 He whirl'd about a dreadful Dart,
 With which the ground tremendously he struck,
 The ground ev'n to the center shook
 And frighted all in Hell.
 With horrid strides he marching storm'd;
 The fiercest Spirits round him star'd,
 And trembled as he strode,
 And all the others never dar'd
 To view th' outrageous God.
 At last a Spectre dreadfully deform'd,
 Resuming vigor, silence broke,
 And to th' inexorable King the grievous Terror spoke.

V I I I.

O thou who govern'st Land, and Air, and Main,
 By Fate subjected to thy rigid Reign;
 Where all that Mortals sweet and lovesome see,
 God has created purposely for thee;

For

The Court of Death.

7

For whom with one hand Time the Field of Nature sows,
And with his other still a bending Harvest mows;
Thou whose impartial Scepter injures none,
The justest Potentate that fills a Throne,
Supremely just and merciful alone :
Who stand'st with Arms extended to embrace
The Wretches that in thee their utmost refuge place ;
And tam'st proud Monarchs with an Iron sway,
Whom soon or late th' imperial Slaves obey :
What can the fearful sounds we heard intend ?
How should thy formidable Empire end !
Is *Jove* about to rend the worlds high flaming wall,
And crush thy Kingdoms with its hideous fall ?
From what dire cause can thy Despondence spring,
While we are Terrors, thou shalt be our King.
Who dares rebellious Arms against thee take ?
Ev'n we who terrify the World, at thy dread Anger shake.

I X.

This said the Fantom with a dismal sound,
Confirm'd by thousand hideous roars around,
Which from the vaulted Caverns horribly rebound.
Then silence thrice aloud was cry'd,
And the grim Monarch sternly thus reply'd.
Aspiring Ministers of Fate !
High Officers of Deaths unbounded State !
In vain our pow'r with pompous words we grace,
One mortal all our glories will deface,

One

One mortal ev'ry moment dares, nay scorns me to my face.

In Battels still heroically brave,

But Trumpets can give Courage to a Slave.

Ev'n *Bouteville* could intrepid seem,

While mad *Bellona* in him rav'd ;

But *William* still with insolence extream,

Ev'n in his cool and thoughtful hours,

Has all my Horrors, all my Pow'rs,

Deliberately brav'd.

X.

Ye Terrors, and ye Hosts of Horrors say,

For ye were by on *Landen's* fatal day ;

When Discord by her hellish Serpents stung

About the deadly Field in frightful postures stung ;

Thro all her thousand Mouths ran roaring with the pain,

Foam'd at them all, and bled at all, and bellow'd o're the plain ;

A day, like the last day, astonishingly dire,

When the sonorous Trumpet blew

And Ruine in a flaming Tempest flew,

And all the world appear'd on fire :

Did ought in *William* then that argued fear,

Nay ev'n that argued mortal man appear,

While for the freedom of the world he fought,

Was he not *William* still in voice, look, action, thought ?

Did he not calmly brave the raving *French* engage,

And deal Destruction like a God without the help of rage?

Did he not, say, while ghastfully ye gaz'd

While

The Court of Death.

9

While Thunderbolts around him roar'd, and Lightning
[round him blaz'd,

Did he not providently scow'r the Plain,

Yet forcibly as Whirlwinds sweep the Main?

Did he not, driving on, forecast, instruct, dispose, ordain?

But what? The Hope of Conquest gave
That Godlike Spirit which could thus appear,
Cautious and provident as Fear,

And yet as Fury brave?

No; when at length, tho late, tho wondrous late,
Opprest by odds of numbers and of Fate,
His Prudence urg'd him loudly to retire,

Did he not still appear the same,
Retreating greatly in tempestuous flame,
Which made us Gods the worth we hate admire;
Have ye forgot? In that stupendous hour
I charg'd ye all the Hero to assail,
And mingling with the storm of Iron Hail

To press him with your utmost pow'r:
Y' obey'd: Th'event? Hell! How ye all mistook!
For, seeing him behind his routed Rear

With such a dauntless look appear,

The charge ye instantly forsook.

Returning, He the Conqueror was, ye swore;
Yes, Fools, o're us triumphant he was more;
T' himself he ow'd his Conquest, not, like *France*,
To the base odds of Numbers, and of Chance:

Storming I sent you once again;
Asham'd, enrag'd, and mad ye flew, and then

D

Ye

Ye pierc'd the very souls of all his weaker men :
 Th' undaunted Hero mock'd your vain essay,
 Th' undaunted Hero met you half the way.
 For, marching o're the dying and the dead,
 He, while the rest securely fled,
 With the brave chosen few inspir'd by him made head;
 With such divine assurance toward you rode,
 Ye basely from him flew, and trembling cry'd, *A God!*

X I.

Ye Pow'rs who fought to propagate my fway,
 Ye Gods who own Subjection to me, say,
 Did ever he so much deserve our hate?
 Did ever he appear so truly great,
 As in his loss upon that dreadful day?
 Did it not palpably appear,
 That his great Mind was so averse from fear,
 That should the World from off its Axle rush,
 Torn off by *Jove*, on purpose that the Fall,
 Should *William's* mighty Soul apall,
Jove could not daunt him, he could only crush?
 Why name I Fear? In his undaunted mein,
 Was there the least dejection seen?
 Did he not perfectly disdain
 Of Fortune's malice barely to complain?
 Did he not look, as who should say,
 'Tis true we've lost th' uncertain day,
 But we deserv'd to win: 'Tis Fortune's blame

That

That we have lost, then Fortune's be the shame;
Empire is hers, and Conquest, and Success,
The greatness of my soul is mine, and that's above distress:
My very losses, greatly born, my glory shall dilate,
And shew the wondring World a mind that triumphs over Fate.

X I I.

Thus he insulted over us and ours,
And with his very looks blasphem'd our idle pow'rs:
Which still each hour he insolently braves;
Nay, Thousands spirited by him appear
Hourly victorious over fear,
Who shew'd before the minds of Slaves.
All *Europe* rous'd reflects his noble fire,
Whose wondrous Influence, like the Sun's,
Thro distant Regions runs,
And does the World with Martial warmth inspire?
Of vast Confederate members He, the Soul,
Unites the mighty parts, and animates the whole.
While here We, pleas'd to be contemn'd, can stay,
And howl our Triumphs out aloud,
Our Triumphs o're a worthless crowd,
He all the generous world seduces from our sway.
Ye Terrors who your selves resistless call,
One man buoys *Europe* up against you all:
Dread Spirits, whom mankind could tremble at before,
Go frighten Women now, and think of Men no more.

X I I I.

Thus ended the tempestuous King, and now
 He rowls his formidable Brow
 Into a dreadful scowl,
 While thrice Revenge his restless Subjects howl.
 As when the Northern Tyrant of the Waves
 Upon the Polar Main in black *September* raves,
 The Billows, vex'd to Madness, roar,
 And foaming scourge the gloomy dismal shore,
 While frantic Seas, with frightful fury rowl'd,
 As they run madder, grow by Frenzy cold;
 Till to prodigious Rocks congeal'd they stand,
 And render hideous, *Zembla's* horrid strand:
 So the dire Subjects of the Tyrant Death,
 By the bleak fury of his stormy breath
 Troubled, and into frantic motions cast,
 Fluctuating rowl'd, and foam'd, and roar'd, and bellow'd to
 [the blast;
 Till with excess of rage at last,
 All became fixt against their will;
 All stupidly benumm'd and still
 Were doubly ghastful grown,
 And Horror in th' amazing height of all its Pomp was shown.
Discord, of all the crew the most accurst,
 From her lethargick plight recover'd first;
 Grew mad afresh, and with her reeking hands
 From off her snaky Curls she wrung the bloody Bands:

Then

Then terribly the baleful Host survey'd,
And to the formidable Monarch said.

X I V.

Ruler of Kings, whom this great Court reveres,
Whom Hell affects, and Earth, and Ocean fears !
Canst thou to me extend thy dread Despight ?
Because thy Terrors are contemn'd,
Must *Discord* be condemn'd ?
Shall not the King of all the World do right ?
To serve thee have I not attempted more
Than ever desperate Fury dar'd before ?
Has not my Spirit all the *Gauls* possess'd ?
Has it not rowl'd in ev'ry eye, and rag'd in ev'ry breast ?
Have I not loosen'd *Fury* from her Chain ?
Who now flies roaring over Land and Main.
And art thou not thro me in dreadful progress seen,
Majestical with horrid Mien,
Stalking to new Destruction o're the Plain ?
With a profuser Purple pomp did never Monarch reign.
What if one Man contemns thy pow'r ?
Is there a day ? Is there an hour ?
In which I fail to have recourse
To all my skill, and all my force,
That hated Hero to undo ?
Whom I with Treason, or with Rage, eternally pursue.
Can there be any one amongst us all,
Whom it concerns, like me, to see him fall ?

The rest he flights, but me he loaths, detests,
 And ventures Life and Crown t'expel me from above ;
 And in my room designs to fix in humane breasts
 Perpetual Concord, and Fraternal Love.
 Soon should he feel the vengeance of these hands,
 But Heav'n's severe Commands,
 And Fates immutable Decree withstands.
 But yet suppose this mortal Dart,
 Were ev'n this moment plunging in his Heart ?
 Believe (I know him well) All-conquering Death !
 He would insult thee with his latest breath.
 True : We should triumph o're his mortal part ;
 Rare Conquest for our Universal King !
 A Conquest which would Dust to thy subjection bring,
 While his aspiring Soul to Heav'n its flight would wing.

X V.

O could'st thou make that tow'ring Soul descend,
 Could but thy Terrors force that Godlike soul to bend ;
 Whose influence rowzes a degenerate Age,
 Warms it to just Revenge and martial Rage ;
 And with exalted thoughts ev'n Kings inspires,
 And to magnanimous Acts the wondring Nations fires ;
 Which now for twenty rowling years has chose,
 Still to be restless for the worlds repose :
 And would its body for Mankind devove,
 To stand the Victim of offended *Jove* ;
 If you this wondrous soul could move,

It might a Triumph prove
Deserving of the loudest boast
Of thy great self, and thy victorious Host.
But to dismay that dauntless Mind,
We must no vulgar method find :
For should'st thou to his Face draw near,
And in thy most amazing shape appear,
Unterrify'd he would thy Front survey,
Nay unconcern'd perhaps, and gay ;
He knows his Soul is set above thy sway,
And that secures him from ignoble Fear.
Fear often makes immortal souls vain Homage to thee pay :
But *William's* looks from so sublime a sphere,
That while his Vertues there with Glory shine,
It can look down with scorn
On Life, on Fortune, and on Regal State,
But there are qualities so truly great,
As can ev'n Heav'n adorn.
Wisdom and Vertue are divine
He those inestimable knows ;
To terrifie him then, assault him ev'n in those,
Those of his Queen are his, that lovely Queen,
Whom such Perfections grace,
That her high Vertues, and her heavenly Mein,
Might make it be presum'd,
His Godlike Genius had that shape assum'd,
T' assist him in his Royal place.
Attack but her, endanger her, and then
This Demi-God will shake like common men.

These Spirits then will his great mind controul,
 These Terrors with their plagues will pierce his Soul,
 Grief will prevail, and anxious Care,
 And baleful Horror and Despair ;
 Fear will be seen Triumphant in his eye,
 His noble, his undaunted heart,
 Will faint, will sink, will dye,
 With apprehension of thy Dart ;
 And all whom that great Heart with Spirit can supply,
 Sinking with him will own our awful pow'rs,
 And then the Conquer'd World is ours.

X V I.

O did you all that Queens perfections know,
 Had you approach'd her all like me,
 She wou'd appear as Dangerous a Foe,
 As worthy your Immortal Hate as He.
 A Queen, the wonder of an envious Age,
 Whom, that I may your potent rage
 To her Destruction raise,
 Thus with malicious justness let me praise.
 If *William* can condemn frail breath
 For Everlasting Fame,
 She lives as undismaid, Victorious Death,
 As if she never heard thy Name.
 As one who climbs th' Ætherial cliff
 Of *Atlas* or of *Teneriff*,
 Secure in so sublime a Sphear,

The Court of Death.

17

Below him sees the Waves insult the shore,
Below him sees the Clouds their fury pour,
Nay and below him hears th' Almighty Thunderer roar,
While all around him's always calm, and all above him's
[always clear.

So on the loudest, fiercest storms of Fate;
Which threaten both her Life and State,
This Queen looks down from the prodigious height
Of her exalted soul,
Below her hears the Thundring roar, and sees the lofty
[Billows rowl.

X V I I.

And as not only Tempests never beat
Those Mountain tops, but neither cold nor heat,
Afflict (detested place!) glad Nature there;
But Water, Earth, and temperate Air,
In my despight eternally agree,
Combin'd in triple league to put a stop to me;
And odoriferous breizes entertain
Perpetual Spring upon the Balmy Plain;
So on *Maria's* lofty *Mien*,
As no rude passions in her mind have place,
No sign of Fear, or Grief, or Rage was ever seen:
Maria keeps up easie state,
In spight of me still gayly great,
And cheerfully serene.
And, as these Spirits still are beaten back,

As oft as *William* they attack,
Maria in their progress they decline,
 And, as they pass, respect her form divine:
 And Dangers, which the Hero ne're could fright,
 The Heroine still opposes with delight.
 When *Lewis* thunder'd on her *Southern* shore,
 And made *Great Britain* tremble at the roar;
 When thro' it all the Loyal Blood ran cold,
 And all my *British* Sons grew warm and bold,
 While *William* on the *Boyne* was seen,
 Victorious with a thoughtful Mien;
 His charming Queen sustain'd her sinking Isle,
 Sustain'd her sinking *Britain* with a smile;
 His charming Queen could gaily wise appear,
 And all things like avenging Heav'n dispose,
 For the confusion of her *Gallick* Foes
 Without perplexity or fear.
 Her very Looks my *Brittish* Off-spring gain'd,
 Her very Looks their Rage restrain'd;
 Struck them with irresistible delight.
 My *Brittish* Off-spring for a while turn'd loyal at that fight,
 That fight my fury could so fast assuage,
 Ev'n mine, whose Essence is all Rage,
 That ere I had the pow'r to quit my station,
 And fly for Preservation,
 I grew (in vain infernal spight withstood)
 Senselessly satisfy'd, stupidly good,
 And fear'd Annihilation.

X V I I I.

Not the first Woman fear'd us less than she,
Before the mortal Taste
Of th' interdicted Tree,
Made thee great Master of the Vassal Ball,
High Independent Lord of all,
And Ocean, Land and Air thy mighty waste.
From Guilt and ev'ry Weakness clear,
From Dread of Danger free,
She lives as if her high desert exempted her from thee ;
Nay more, so fast her Virtues rise,
Aspiring to their native Skies,
That I could almost fear,
That as one Woman by her Crime,
Involv'd succeeding Ages in her Fall,
And to thy boundless sway subjected all ;
So the immortal Graces of her Mind,
Growing so fast, should rise in time
To that sublime Degree,
As to restore all human kind
To Immortality.

X I X.

Something divine adorns her Mind and Mien ;
Mankind extols the King, the King admires the Queen :
The Queen whom Heav'n has form'd so truly great,

To

To keep the Kings aspiring Mind within the reach of Fate.
That hour in which you pierce *Maria's* Heart,
William and *Europe* tremble at thy Dart :
That Blow will his undaunted *Genius* shake,
That will perhaps his matchless Spirit break ;
That is th' extremest tryal we can make.
If then he sinks not, *Jove* sustains his mind
And he is certainly design'd,
To vindicate the Freedom of Mankind ;
The great experiment then quickly try,
And let this good, this great *Maria* dye ;
Take what she has of thine, and let her Soul
Desert her Lover for the Starry Pole.
She said, and strait the universal cry
Was, *Let this good, this great Maria dye.*
Trembling I waken'd with the mortal fright ;
And all the ghastly shapes dissolv'd to gloomy Night.

F I N I S.

